INDIANA.

THE CONTEST OVER SLAVERY.

AMERICAN COMMONWEALTHS. Indiana: A Redemption from Slavery. By J. P. Dunn, jr. 16mo, pp. 453. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Mr. Dunn's "Indiana" is in complete harmony with the theory upon which the series to which it belongs was projected. It is less and more than a conventional State history. The author has contented himself with a bold outline sketch of the remote period during which the territory destined to become the State of Indiana was the sparsely occupied outlying region through which Indians, coureurs de bois, Frenchmen and Englishmen passed and repassed, hunting, trading, fighting and intriguing. There was much picturesque and romantic history made in that time, and other writers have availed themselves fully of those attractive and striking elements of the primitive times. Mr. Dunn omits no fact of importance, and traces the French occupations, the Indian wars, the Revolutionary troubles, and all the significant events which bore more or less upon the future, with quite sufficient clearness. But the main purpose of his work is to set forth the prolonged and interesting struggle which resulted in the emancipation of Indiana from slavery, and this he has done with a fulness and lucidity which render this modest little volume an important contribution to American history.

The origin of the Ordinance of 1787 receives here a careful and thorough examination, while the vexed question of its authorship is determined as conclusively as it is ever likely to be. Thomas Benton claimed the authorship for Jefferson; Daniel Webster maintained that it belonged to Nathan Dane, of Massachusetts. Mr. Dunn makes it clear that Webster was justified in his assertion, but that at the same time the Ordinance was not otherwise than technically the work of any one man; Jefferson and others contributed to it. It was, in fact, like nearly all important measures, the product of many minds, and it also represented many compromises and concessions. Mr. Dunn says: "On the whole we conclude that so far as any one man can be called the author of the Ordinance of 1787 Nathan Dane was its author. He drafted it, superintended its passage, introduced the slavery amendment, and manifested his interest by writing at once a long account of it to his friend Rufus King. In after life it was his chief pride. He is the only man who claimed authorship over his own signature, and he repeatedly made the claim from three days after its passage to the time of his death." These considerations are sufficient to settle the question to all practical intents. A much more important problem is involved in the question how the Ordinance came to be passed at all; for it could not have become law without the consent of the slave States, and though it prohibited slavery in the Northwest Territory, it received the votes of the slaveholders' representatives. Nathan Dane himself did not expect that the sixth or anti-slavery section would get through, and no one was more surprised and perplexed than he when it was agreed to.

The rational presumption must have been that whether rightly or wrongly the slave States must have believed that they were really strengthening the "peculiar institution" by voting for this measure, but contemporary explanations of the fact were so conflicting as to show that most observers failed to possess the true significance of the event. It is, therefore, the more desirable that a careful examination of all the contributory influences should be made with the aid of modern lights, and Mr. Dunn has solved the riddle in so probable a way that all students of this country's history will be interested in his conclusions, which we quote at some length:

> The most interesting question in connection with the Ordinance is, what were the motives that caused the unanimous consent of Southern members to the apparent exclusion of slavery, and the consent of Northern members to the division of the western territory ceded from that unceded, and the reduction of the amount of population necessary for admission of a State. That the proposal of the Ohio Company induced immediate action is evident, but there is nothing to indicate that the company or Dr. Cutler undertook to dictate as to governmental features. If Cutler had made the slavery clause a sine qua non of his purchase, as has been argued, it would have been presented in the printed report, and Cutler would more probably have remained in New-York to urge its adoption, than have gone to Philadelphia on a pleasure trip, as he did. The single unanimity with which the Ordinance passed shows that every one was satisfied; but why? A statement of Colonel Grayson gives a key to one side. Personally, Grayson had no objection to the clause, for he was the most pronounced anti-slavery Southern man in Congress. He had favored King's resolution when it applied to the entire western country, and on May 1, 1785, wrote to Madison concerning it: "I expect seven States may be found liberal enough to adopt it." He was an active advocate of the Ordinance. He wrote to Monroe on August 8, 1787, urging him to use his influence to have it ratified by Virginia. Nothing was done at that session of the Virginia Legislature, and at the next Grayson stood for membership, was elected, and was a member of the committee which reported the bill confirming the Ordinance. Apparently, then, he was in a situation to know why members voted as they did, and he said, in his letter to Monroe of August 8: "The clause respecting slavery was agreed to by the Southern members for the purpose of preventing tobacco and indigo from being made on the northwest side of the Ohio, as well as for several other political reasons." These other reasons, so far as he reveals them, he gives by setting forth the project of the Ohio Company, concluding thus: "From the great number of inhabitants in the Eastern States, and in the Jerseys, I should not be surprised to see them in a very few years extend themselves by additional purchases quite to the Mississippi, and thereby form a complete barrier for our State, at the same time greatly validating the lands on the Virginia side of the Ohio."
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> That the culture of indigo and tobacco should have had anything to do with the Ordinance of 1787 may strike the reader as verging on absurdity, but the connection is close and logical, and it is a political reason, as Grayson said. Indigo had been cultivated north of the Ohio since the middle of the eighteenth century, and profitably, too, though it produced only two cuttings a year. The tobacco of the French settlements was considered, as we have seen, equal to the best product of Virginia. These crops, like all others whose preparation for market requires attention during the entire year, gave the most profitable employment to slave labor, and it was supposed that free labor could not compete with slave labor in their production. In addition to this, the unhealthfulness of indigo culture and preparation was considered sufficient to prevent free labor from engaging in it at all. The Southern members reasoned that they were gaining three advantages: 1. The monopoly of the most profitable branches of agriculture for their western territory, which was still unceded; 2. Protection of their western territory from the Indians subject to British influence, by the settlement of the country north of them; 3. The speedy settlement of their western territory by people of political sentiments similar to their own. This last is a corollary of the other two. If their side of the Ohio was protected from Indians, it would be most desirable to settlers. If slavery were excluded north of the Ohio, all who desired to hold slaves must settle south of it. If the most profitable branches of agriculture could be followed only by slave labor, all shrewd agriculturists would desire to hold slaves. The northern territory, by express limitation, could not be made into more than five States, and might be limited to three. The southern territory had already two strong slave-holding colonies in their northernmost part, which would have been most subject to Northern influence, and the territory below would make enough more to balance the Northern element above the river.

The passage of the Ordinance of 1787 no doubt resulted eventually in the redemption of the Northwest from slavery, but it was by no means immediately or easily successful, and some of the most suggestive and curious chapters of Mr. Dunn's book are occupied with the history of the shifts and subterfuges which were devised for the purpose of nullifying the famous sixth section of the Ordinance. It is difficult to believe now, but able lawyers were then found to contend that the Ordinance did not abolish or prohibit slavery. No historical event more conclusively demonstrates the comparatively feeble hold abstract morality has upon men than the whole slavery question in the United States, and of that question no branch is perhaps more instructive than the struggle over the interpretation of the Ordinance in the Territory of Indiana. Lincoln once said: "If slavery is not wrong, nothing is wrong," but considerations of right and wrong are lamentably apt to be subordinate to considerations of interest and expediency. For years the people of Indiana were divided on slavery, and even among those who most strongly condemned the principle there appeared many who were willing to accept the thing itself, provided it were glossed over with a new name. Then the Indenture law came into existence, a law which was flatly and flagrantly in contravention of the spirit and plain intent of the sixth section of the Ordinance, but which solved the not very tender consciences of even anti-slavery men by substituting an involuntary apprenticeship for slavery.

The National demoralization caused by the acceptance of slavery in any part of the country was obviously the condition which obscured men's minds to the iniquity of the institution. Familiarity with the specious but shallow defences invented by the Southern slaveholders in no long time prepared those who had no personal interest in the system to regard and treat it as a part of the general scheme of government. Thus it came to pass that Indianians petitioned Congress repeatedly for the abrogation of the sixth section of the Ordinance, on such flimsy grounds as that the settlement of the Territory would be facilitated by the admission of slaves. But by degrees it became evident that the pro-slavery sentiment did not fairly represent the community, and as time passed the anti-slavery element predominated more and more conspicuously. After all the conscience of the majority was proof against sophistry and special pleading, and after a prolonged and often doubtful struggle the question was finally settled once and forever on the lines of the Ordinance.

Mr. Dunn gives an interesting sketch of the politics of Indiana Territory during the Governorship of General William Henry Harrison, and incidentally he throws considerable light upon the career of the General himself. General Harrison's well-known predilection for classical allusions, embalmed in Daniel Webster's story of the inaugural message in which he "killed seventeen Roman pro-consuls dead as smelts," has produced the impression that the hero of Tippecanoe was peculiar in his penchant. In truth, however, it was a vogue of the period, and represented to a great extent the French Revolutionary influence upon the American mind. General Harrison kept the habit up somewhat longer than his fellows, but that was all. In conclusion we can recommend Mr. Dunn's book heartily as a careful and dispassionate study of a department of National history nowhere else so fully analyzed.

NATURAL AND SUPERNATURAL.

TWO AMERICAN NOVELS.

TEMPLE HOUSE. By Elizabeth Stoddard. Revised edition. 12mo. pp. 333. Cassell & Co.

THE PECKSTER PROFESSORSHIP. An Episode in the History of Psychical Research. By J. P. Quincy. 12mo. pp. 310. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

In real life the intercourse of men and women consists largely in more or less painful attempts to get at one another's meanings. A few possess intuitive insight, are able to pierce the shelter which masks thought and intention, and through this gift guide their own course prosperously. The many are reduced to guesswork and conjecture, and go through life in a semi-perplexed way, seldom confident of understanding the purposes of others, often unable even to make their own purposes clear to those with whom they come in contact. The exigencies of fiction have compelled the employment of a pretence of psychical perception which is the reverse of natural conditions. In the novel we are admitted to the most complete and intimate knowledge of mental operations. The veil is withdrawn, and we look into the breasts of people and read their minds and follow their reflections with the utmost ease. Another method of explication is necessary by the conditions of dramatic representation. On the stage the characters themselves employ a frankness and openness wholly foreign to real life. The lover makes his plaint publicly; the villain discloses his sinister designs; the conspirator develops his plot; the conscience-smitten sinner exhibits his remorse; and all so plainly that the audience catch the drift of the action and follow it from beginning to end with pleased apprehension.

In the remarkable novel called "Temple House" Miss Stoddard appears to have essayed a new line of fiction. She has written a book in which the people appear for the most part under repression and concealment such as condition human intercourse in the actual world. The keys to motive, character, and action which the novelist habitually supplies the reader with; the artificial insight to thought and purpose which elucidate the everyday romance, are wanting here, and we must occupy ourselves in puzzling out the significance of word and deed as we are compelled to do when dealing with living people. More than this, indeed, for the author of "Temple House" has selected characters of unusual types, who are in many respects peculiar, and who, were they actual human beings, would obviously be especially difficult to understand. Argus Gates, Roxalana and Tempe are each and all strongly marked, original, and eccentric. Not one of the three possesses normal capacity for expression, and all through the strange story we see them alternately uttering themselves in a kind of dumb show, and holding back all expression as by a strong law of nature. Two of them, Argus and Roxalana, have by long intimacy come to understand one another in a dim, uncertain manner. Tempe, the third, perhaps understands herself as little as she is understood. This child is feeling after something undefined. Her soul is inchoate, unformed. She is abnormal in right of her birth and training; a curious admixture of the repressive atmosphere of the house and of strong inherited instincts and prepossessions.

Upon all who enter the enchanted place its weird influences fall. Sebastian Ford, rescued from the sea by Argus, introduces a new phase of emotion to his preserver; breaks through the practised apathy of the moody man, and stirs him to manifestations of genuine affection. But in return Argus reacts upon Sebastian, tempering the fire in his Spanish blood, and infusing into him something of the Temple House taciturnity and sombreness. The people who inhabit the old house are studies which attract and hold the attention curiously. The reader finds himself continually wondering how Roxalana or Argus or Tempe or Sebastian will speak or act; what they will do with the varying incidents which occur. So far as Argus and Roxalana are concerned, their chief desire may seem to avoid the doing of anything. Argus, with masculine obstinacy, appears to think he can control life by simply refusing to be moved by anything it hangs forth. To himself he is impassable, cynical, without emotional capacity. But nevertheless he also is the creature of heredity and environment, and when his fate arrives in the form of Virginia Brande he has to meet and accept it, even though the fruition of a love which he has long concealed and even tried to deny the existence of to himself, leaves him in a somewhat dazed and by no means sufficiently thankful frame of mind.

Roxalana is, if possible, a still more difficult study. Her loyalty to her scampish husband is no doubt a thoroughly feminine trait. Her attitude toward Tempe is less clear, and her view of Argus quite problematical. A woman of natural reticence and impassivity, sluggish of intellect, moreover, and slow to form opinions, she is less mutable than Argus, and perhaps fundamentally stronger, notwithstanding his superior mental alertness and activity. She is represented as a fatalist, but her fatalism is evidently more physical and temperamental than intellectual. Yet Roxalana does not fully disclose herself even at the last. Her character is the deepest problem in the book, if not quite the most interesting. When we turn to the scenes outside of Temple House, to the home of the Brandes, for instance, we are conscious of a lightening of the atmosphere. Mr. Brande, his crazy wife, and Virginia are not indeed explicit after the usual methods, but there is much less mystery about them. They correspond to those simpler mental combinations in actual life which the average man or woman can grasp without special difficulty. Carfield again is quite transparent; one of those frankly brutal natures which are all on the surface. Mat is another perfectly limpid and thoroughly natural creation, whose rough faithfulness and serviceability lighten the story. The novel cannot be said to be of the kind which publishers recommend for use at the seaside. It is not fitted to aid a hammock-drowse on a hot afternoon. It demands close attention and some depth of perception and imagination, for it is essentially and not artificially realistic, and it sets in operation the same faculties which are called into activity by the daily and hourly requirements of social intercourse. Of the power and skill with which "Temple House" is written there can be no question. We find it defective only in one point. The people talk too much alike. There is a failure to differentiate their expression with due sharpness. But this does not at all seriously diminish the singular attractiveness of the book, and the impression of force which it conveys. It well deserves a new edition, for it has an honest claim to permanence.

"The Peckster Professorship" is not only an interesting and well-written, but a typical novel. It may be regarded as a literary landmark showing the extent of the change which has taken place in the treatment of what is, most infelicitously, called the supernatural. From the point of view of Anne Radcliffe to that of Mr. Quincy, is indeed a long stretch. The conventional ideas of the supermundane which pleasantly titillated the superstitious side of our ancestors have long ceased to evoke any sympathetic popular response. The advance of physical science has compelled all who hold to "other-world" beliefs, all who maintain the possibility of relations between embodied and disembodied spirits, to cast their arguments and contentions in a more or less scientific form. This movement has been helped by the accession of many and distinguished men of science to the ranks of the supermundanes, and we have now reached a point where Spirit—to employ the language of Professor Huxley—is dealt with in terms of Matter, and is presented, so to speak, in a physical rather than a psychical way. "The Peckster Professorship" is a story of this kind, in which psychical research, telepathy, the "projection of the astral form," and other modern-ancient marvels, are introduced with adroitness and handled with admirable aplomb and deftness. It must be regretted that the famous projected experiment with Mr. Peckster could not be made on account of the inopportune recovery of that obliging millionaire; for if Professor Hargrave had been able to show by his delicate apparatus that the body diminished in weight at the moment of death, and if he had further succeeded in photographing the soul as it rose from its worn-out envelope, it is obvious that the conclusions to be drawn from those facts would have been exceedingly important, and that even Dr. Bense must have given in his adhesion to the new psychology, however reluctantly.

Lacking these conclusive demonstrations, however, perhaps the fact of Professor Hargrave in projecting the main points of an eloquent sermon from Brazil into the cerebrum of the Rev. Samuel Greyson as he stood in his Boston pulpit, may be accepted as well nigh up to the high-water mark of modern credibility. As to the perception of spirits by Mrs. Hargrave, that is comparatively little, but Mr. Quincy might have consulted Andrew Jackson Davis with profit on the physical expression—if we may use the term—of souls fresh from incarnation. It may also be said that in his ideas as to the future of such entities, Mr. Quincy is not fully up to the most "advanced" hypotheses, which refuse to all these earth-bound phantoms a role more exciting or potential than that of "astral shells," incapable of experiencing emotion, and consequently beyond any such manifestation of distress and regrets as marked the intangible countenance of the deceased Mr. Ephriam Peckster. The story, nevertheless, is capitally told, full of bright thought and sharp girds at the materialistic view of science, and generally speaking, of a nature to please not alone the devotees of theosophy and spiritualism, but of all, no matter what they believe or disbelieve, who appreciate and enjoy a good novel.

LITERARY NOTES.

That remarkable linguist, the late W. G. Palgrave, never sought to retain a language; when he ceased to need it he let himself forget it. It is said that in two months he acquired facility in colloquial Japanese—which would have been an extraordinary feat for anybody else.

Margaret Deland, the author of "John Ward, Preacher," is a young matron living in Boston. She is of Scotch blood, and in creed is a liberal Episcopalian. The clever little "Book-Buyer" tells a story illustrative of Mrs. Deland's simplicity and modest estimate of her own powers. "She had amused herself by writing poems and destroying them as soon as read, seemingly caring nothing for them or attaching little or no importance to the gift which they revealed. But one day as she was returning from marketing she called upon a friend, and while waiting in the parlor amused herself by writing a poem. The sudden entrance of the friend surprised her in the act, and a moment later, in a playful way, the poem was snatched away from the unthinking author. There on a scrap of coarse brown wrapping paper was her exquisite poem, 'The Succory,' which was thus barely saved from the ignominious fate of its predecessors."

Joel Chandler Harris is described in "Literature" as a man of medium height; compact but supple, and rather on the rotund order. He has chestnut hair, a mustache of the same shade; and honest and merry blue eyes. He is good-natured and he's unaffected; he is fond of books—and especially fond of the Bible.

Mr. Harris has written some paragraphs of exceeding good sense on the subject of dialect. Many writers, he says, "perceive that the magazines and book-publishers are anxious to get hold of stories that teem with dialect, and they therefore conclude that dialect is the object in view—that it is the principal matter, so to speak. In one way and another, the dialect business has assumed immense proportions in modern literature, and it is a matter of surprise to us that the writers thereof have not formed a dialect-trust in order to bull the market. But the protest against it has good grounds to go on. When a story is written merely for the sake of introducing dialect, the dialect becomes jargon, and the result, so far as the reader is concerned, is disgust. We are at a loss to understand how, in this critical and finical age, the term 'dialect story' could come to have any meaning. Properly speaking, there can be no such a thing as a dialect story. Jargon may commend itself to publishers, but the dialect story has no existence. Dialect is simply a part and parcel of character, and the writer who is developing or depicting character has no more thought of merely writing dialect than the artist who is compelled to paint a wart on a man's nose has of painting bunions. If there is such a thing as dialect stories, a wart-painter follows as a matter of course, and Sir Joshua Reynolds was not only a wart-painter, but a painter of moles."

The bit of dialect, whether story or poem, which "goes" is the bit which has in it that "one touch of nature" which makes anything "go."

William Fitzgerald wrote for a now extinct Dublin periodical "Kottabos," a jeu d'esprit on the Sonnet which, if halting, merits remembrance:

> Well, if it must be so, it must; and I,
> Albeit unskilful in the tuneful art,
> Will make a sonnet; or at least I'll try
> To make a sonnet, and perform my part.
> But in a sonnet everybody knows
> There must always be fourteen lines; my heart
> Sinks at the thought: but, courage, here it goes.
> There are seven lines already: could I get
> Seven more the task would be performed; and yet
> It will be like a horse behind a cart,
> For somehow rhyme has got a wondrous start
> Of reason, and while puzzling on I've let
> The subject slip. What shall it be? But, stay,
> Here comes the fourteenth line. 'Tis done! Huzza!

When the noble volumes in which John Hay and J. G. Nicolay tell the story of Lincoln and his period shall have emerged from the binder's, people will begin to estimate rightly the value of this work. It will fill a place which no other book of the kind may touch. The relations of Lincoln with McClellan, Grant and other public men will be treated in the forthcoming "Century" instalments and Lincoln's plan for the gradual abolition of slavery will be set forth.

There is a great deal of writing in these days about the works of Mrs. Amelie Rives Chanler—a great deal of unnecessary writing, be it said. Mrs. Chanler is a young lady of good natural powers which are entirely untrained, and which as yet deserve no serious critical consideration. It may be said "But 'The Quick or the Dead' sells!" Well, so do "The Bandit's Bride" and "The Red Demon of the Prairie"; and Mrs. Southworth's novels and various other well-meant but unliterary efforts. That's the poorest of arguments.

Talk about the trials of genius in endeavoring to make itself known to a cold world! The truth is that nowadays in these United States there is a hospitality to new writers which often becomes ludicrous in its eagerness. Authors of commonplace abilities spring into sudden prominence through no fault of their own; and there is no danger that any writer who possesses the least spark of originality will be overlooked. There is no Chatterbox business going on now. What is most needed is a higher standard of literary taste and less spasmodic enthusiasm.

The Vicomte Eugene Melchior de Vogne has prepared for the coming volume of "Harper" two papers on "Social and Court Life in Russia." That excellent artist, Mr. T. de Thulstrup, will illustrate them.

The anti-slavery journal which the three little grandsons of the Emperor of Brazil are editing, composing and printing is called "The Imperial Mail." The respective ages of these liberal princes are twelve, ten and seven.

Zola is now completing his Rougon-Macquart series of novels—a collection of studies in which he evidently undertook to rival Balzac. It is not apparent that Balzac has been rivalled. Having dealt with the various phases of political, civil and religious life in France, Zola proposes to take in hand next a story devoted to the French army. After that will come a final work, a general resume, the hero of which will be a medical man of the Rougon family, who will analyze the divers forms of insanity which his relatives have exhibited in previous volumes. Zola's original intention was that the series should comprise twenty volumes, but it will probably only extend to nineteen. Of these sixteen are written, one is in hand, and there will be two more to come. As the literary quality of M. Zola's work has steadily deteriorated the opponents of his methods can view with equanimity the prospect of more books from his pen.

Edna Lyall has written a new novel with the taking title of "A Hardy Norseman." It is to appear as a serial in "Good Words."

Very pleasant are the things which a friend of the late John Richard Green says about the historian in "The Princeton Review." He declares that Green "enjoyed saying sharp things to those he knew best; but, though extremely witty and amusing in conversation, he never made a really unkind remark to any one; not that he was what is called 'amiable' or 'popular,' but, rather, because he would have thought it beneath him. He did not care to associate with stupid people, or people whom he even suspected of stupidity; and the friends he gathered most closely about him were, in many instances, men who were supposed to know some subject thoroughly. Each man, therefore, of the whole group imagined that his particular object or 'ology was the one thing in which Green took the most interest. It would be impossible to give an adequate idea of the inexhaustible fund of interest which he had always at command for the ambitions, troubles and doubts or successes of his friends. Literary jealousy was unknown to him. After laboring hard at some historical problem, he would place the results of his researches freely at the disposal of the first man who seemed likely to be able to make a good use of them. He revelled in the good work done by others. Sick or busy, he could always find time to help a serious worker who sought his advice."

Professor Leone Levi, the late political economist who gave to Great Britain its first Chamber of Commerce, left behind him an autobiography, which will soon be published.

Julian Hawthorne's novel "The Professor's Sister," is announced by Bedford, Clarke & Co.

Boston has a club of "Odd Volumes," as well as London. A number of its members have arranged to give in a few weeks a public exhibition of their treasures in the way of "grangerized" books, and valuable autographs.

The Queen of Rumania has written a novel, a translation of which is to be published by Cupples & Hurd under the title of "A Heart Regained."

The Hakluyt Society has up to this time issued seventy-six volumes. They print double the number of copies required by the members and are always anxious to dispose of the surplus to the general public. Their means are limited, and it is always difficult to find editors who have the leisure and ability to edit old works of travel in a manner satisfactory to the society.

The last disgusting result of the "Realistic" theory in letters is to be found in the "Journal" of the Brothers de Concourt. One extraordinary thing which the surviving De Concourt has done is to describe in miserable detail the last mental and bodily sickness of his late brother. "Realism"—pah!

A WHOLESALE POET.

THE ASTONISHING EXPERIENCE OF JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

While the Nye-Riley combination was on the road last winter a little incident happened at Kalamazoo, Michigan, which has never been given to the public. Their entertainment was over for the night, and a large and pleased audience had dispersed. Nye had been taken in hand by the town lecture committee and towed off up to Uncle Asa Butterfield's house to hear Uncle Asa tell his famous story about his red cow and Dunk Brown's hired man, the occurrence having actually taken place in 1839. Uncle Asa was a local humorist of great renown; he had been unable to attend the lecture on account of rheumatism, but had promised to sit up till the committee brought Nye around. The Red Cow story was his masterpiece, and he was very anxious that Nye should hear it, as he thought that very likely he might want to introduce it into his lecture. Riley had escaped by feigning sickness as soon as the visit was proposed, and before Nye could employ the same excuse, and was sitting in the hotel office at about 11 o'clock congratulating himself and chuckling quietly. He was thinking of various facetious remarks which he would make to Nye, should he survive the operation he was undergoing, about Uncle Asa, the red cow, the hired man, and so forth, when a man hurriedly entered who attracted his attention at once. The man was tall and angular with long gray hair, hollow eyes, and he had a trick of thrusting his head forward and pointing with a long bony finger. He glanced around at the group of hotel guests sitting about and walked directly to Riley.

"You are Riley, James Whitcomb Riley," he said as he pointed a long finger at him.

The poet blushed slightly and modestly admitted the fact. "Yes, yes," went on the man, "I know you though I never saw you before. We never met, but we've had a good deal of business with each other."

"Well, perhaps," replied Riley, "but I don't exactly understand what you refer to."

"Hah! I'll tell you. My name is Thomas H. Stockwell," and he looked at Riley triumphantly.

"Er-well, I can't just place you I'm afraid," answered Riley.

"You can't? Why, I'm the man that has written all your poetry for you!"

The poet looked at the hollow-eyed visitor speechless.

"Yes, sir, gentlemen," went on the intruder, swinging his long, bony hand so as to include the little group, "I am the man who has written all of James Whitcomb Riley's poems for him. When he has wanted a new one he has always written to me and I have sent it to him and got my pay for it and that has been all there is about it. You know it Mr. Riley as well as I do. But I'm sick and tired of it. Hereafter sir, the world shall know Thomas H. Stockwell as he is; the fame of James Whitcomb Riley will hereafter rest on the brow of Thomas Hostetter Stockwell. The time is come for me to declare myself and claim my own!"

The unknown poet who had blushed unseen all these years drew himself up proudly and laid his hand on his heart. Riley had been gradually getting over his astonishment and now found his voice.

"Perhaps, Mr. Stockwell," he said, "you may have some of your poems with you such as you have been furnishing me and can favor us with a short reading."

"Certainly," replied the long-haired individual promptly, as he pulled a handful of crumpled manuscript out of his breast pocket; "certainly—nothing would give me greater pleasure. I have here among others, one entitled 'The Old Barnyard' with which I intended filling your next order. I will read one verse:

> When you go out in our barnyard a-kind 'o wandrin' round
> Amongst the hens and sheep, and the hogs a-rootin' in the ground,
> And git figg'rin' on the colts and how much they'll prob'bly bring
> When they're broke to drive in harness later in the spring,
> Algo off frum the sheep with horns—'less you want to see some stars
> 'Cause he's predjerdiced and li'ble to bunt you through the bars,
> But what you want to railly 'void aint ary pig er sheep er hoss,
> But the cow 'at's got the spotted calf
> When
> She
> Looks
> Cross!

"You will excuse me, gentlemen, for giving you but one verse, as I want you to attend the reading I shall give in the hall to-morrow night. Admission, only fifty cents. I have one other here, entitled, 'When Bill turns Jack,' part of which I will recite:

> When the stock is in the stable and ever'thing's been fed,
> And all them kind o' chores done up and the wood throwed in the shed,
> I'm mighty apt to slip acrost to Bill's to have some fun,
> And most gen'ly we play euchre till the clock strikes one;
> I've allus handled pasteboards in a easy sort o' way,
> But when it comes to Bill, Iso got jes' this 'ere much to say:
> You may pile up p'ints agin him 'n' hold the best keerds in the pack,
> But you've got to play 'em awful close
> When
> Bill
> turns
> Jack!

"That is all I will give you to-night, gentlemen, but it is enough to show you who has been writing Mr. Riley's poems. My reading to-morrow evening will be most entertaining, and as I wrote all of Mr. Longfellow's poems, and am constantly shipping poems to Mr. Lowell, you can see that it will be varied as well. Lately I have been encroaching on the English market, sending a number of consignments to Mr. Browning, and yesterday filling a trial order for Baron Tennyson. This is all done away with, however, and Thomas H. Stockwell reveals his true self to the world. Do not forget my entertainment to-morrow —"

"Tom," said a man, as he entered and touched the poet on the shoulder, "come on—it is long past time that you were in and I have been looking everywhere for you. I hope he hasn't disturbed you, gentlemen;" he continued, as he started toward the door, followed by the other; "he is perfectly harmless, so we allow him about the asylum grounds, but we didn't think he would wander away. He is the same man that used to think the world would cease to revolve around the sun if he didn't wear a green ribbon on his hat, but he has given up that and taken to poetry."

Nye came in a moment later very much exhausted by uncle Asa's cow-and-hired-man story, but he had to help Riley up to bed.

HOOSIER VERSE.

SOME OF RILEY'S "OLD-FASHIONED ROSES."

LITTLE ORPHANT ANNIE.

Little Orphant Annie's come to our house to stay
An' wash the cups an' saucers up, an' brush the crumbs away,
An' shoo the chickens off the porch, an' dust the hearth, an' sweep,
An' make the fire, an' bake the bread, an' earn her board-an'-keep;
An' all us other children, when the supper things is done,
We set around the kitchen fire an' has the mostest fun
A-list'nin' to the witch tales 'at Annie tells about,
An' the gobble-uns 'at gits you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

Onc't they was a little boy wouldn't say his pray'rs—
An' when he went to bed 'at night, away up stairs,
His mammy heerd him holler, an' his daddy heerd him bawl,
An' when they turn't the kivvers down, he wasn't there at all!
An' they seeked him in the rafter-room, an' cubby-hole, an' press,
An' seeked him up the chimbly-flue, an' ever'wheres, I guess,
But all they ever found was thist his pants an' roundabout!—
An' the gobble-uns 'll git you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

An' one time a little girl 'ud allus laugh an' grin,
An' make fun of ever' one an' all her blood-an'-kin,
An' onc't when they was "company," an' ole folks was there
She mocked 'em an' shocked 'em, an' said she didn't care!
An' thist as she kicked her heels, an' turn't to run an' hide,
They was two great big Black Things a-standin' by her side,
An' they snatched her through the ceilin' 'fore she know'd what she's about!
An' the gobble-uns 'll git you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

An' little Orphant Annie says, when the blaze is blue,
An' the lampwick sputters, an' the wind goes woo-oo!
An' you hear the crickets quit, an' the moon is gray,
An' the lightin'-bugs in dew is all squenched away—
You better mind yer parents, and yer teachers fond and dear,
An' churish them 'at loves you, an' dry the orphant's tear,
An' help the pore and needy ones 'at clusters all about,
Er the gobble-uns 'll git you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

OLD FASHIONED ROSES.

They ain't no style about 'em,
And they're sort o' pale and faded;
Yit the doorway here, without 'em
Would be lonesomer, and shaded
With a good 'eal blacker shadder
Than the mornin' glories makes,
And the sunshine would look sadder
For their good old-fashion' sakes.

I like 'em 'cause they kind o',
Sort o' make a feller like 'em;
And I tell you, when I find a
Bunch out whur the sun kin strike 'em,
It allus sets me thinkin'
O' the ones 'at used to grow,
And peek in thro' the chinkin'
O' the cabin, don't you know.

And then I think o' mother,
And how she used to love 'em,
When they wuzn't any other
'Less she found 'em up above 'em!
And her eyes afore she shut 'em
Whispered with a smile, and said,
We must pick a bunch and put 'em
In her hand when she wuz dead.

But as I wuz a sayin'
They ain't no style about 'em
Very gaudy or displayin',
But I wouldn't be without 'em,
'Cause I'm happier in these posies,
And the hollyhawks and sich,
Than the hummin' bird 'at noses
In the roses of the rich.

'MONGST THE HILLS O' SOMERSET.

'Mongst the Hills o' Somerset
Wisht I was a-roamin' yet!
My feet won't get usen to
These low lands I'm trompin' through.
Wisht I could go back there, and
Stroke the long grass with my hand,
Like my school-boy sweetheart's hair
Smoothed out underneath it there!
Wisht I could set eyes once more
On our shadders, on before,
Climbin' in the airly dawn,
Up the slopes 'at love growed on
Natcherl as the violet
'Mongst the Hills o' Somerset!

How 't 'u'd rest a man like me
Jes fer 'bout an hour to be
Up there where the mornin' air
Could reach out and ketch me there!—
Snatch my breath away, and then
Rense and give it back again
Fresh as dew, and smellin' of
The old pinks I ust to love,
And a-flavor'n' ever' breeze
With mixt hints o' mulberries
And May-apples, from the thick
Bottom-lands along the crick
Where the fish bit, dry er wet,
'Mongst the Hills o' Somerset!

Like a livin' pictur' things
All comes back; the bluebird swings
In the maple, tongue and bill
Trillin' glory fit to kill!
In the orchard, jay and bee
Ripens the first pears for me,
And the "Prince's Harvest," they
Tumble to me where I lay
In the clover, provin' still
"A boy's will is the wind's will."
Clean fergot is time, and care,
And thick hearin', and gray hair—
But they's nothin' I ferget
'Mongst the Hills o' Somerset!

Middle-aged—to be edzact,
Very middle-aged, in fact—
Yet a-thinkin' back to then,
I'm the same wild boy again!
There's the dear old home once more,
And there's mother at the door—
Dead, I know, for thirty year,
Yet she's singin', and I hear.
And there's Jo, and Mary Jane,
And Pap, comin' up the lane!
Dusk's a-fallin'; and the dew,
'Pears like it's a-fallin', too—
Dreamin' we're all livin' yet
'Mongst the Hills o' Somerset!

NOTES ON CURRENT ART.

PAINTINGS BY REMBRANDT FOR THE MUSEUM—NOTES ON THE EXHIBITIONS.

The two Van Beresteyn portraits by Rembrandt which were mentioned in The Tribune last spring have been received by Messrs. Cottier & Co. Photographs of these pictures were shown and discussed some months since, when it was said that there was a possibility of the presentation of these noble paintings to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. This possibility has now become a certainty, and it is probable that the pictures will be shown at the winter opening of the Museum. It is impossible at present to speak of the quality of these admirable examples of Rembrandt's earlier period, but their value to the public and the Museum makes the prospect of their acquisition by the Museum a cause for sincere congratulations.

The American Commissioner-General to the Paris Exposition of 1889 has issued a circular to American artists in this country and abroad. Applicants for space are desired to fill out the blanks accompanying the circulars, and to return them at once to the commission, at No. 1 Broadway. Only works of art executed since 1878 can be admitted; and copies, even in a different medium, will not be received. Artists residing in the United States must have their exhibits in New-York by February 15, 1889. There will be no extension of time. A jury of artists will be chosen to examine and pass upon the works submitted. This jury will include representatives of the five classes of exhibitors, painters in oil and other mediums, sculptors, architects and engravers. The names of the jury and of agents who will receive exhibits will be announced hereafter. The selection of the jury will probably be by the artists, but no formal action has yet been taken.

It appears that the Yandell Gallery is not to be the "permanent home" of the Society of American Artists, despite the mutual congratulations of the members a year and a half ago. The next exhibition is to be held in the Fifth Avenue Art Galleries. Examples of painting and sculpture will be received at the galleries on May 2 and 3. The exhibition will be opened on May 11, and it will continue for five weeks.

The justice of the criticisms made upon the Etching Club exhibitions is tacitly acknowledged in the following circular issued by the secretary: "A growing conviction within this club that the best line of policy for the management of its yearly exhibitions points to a return, as far as practicable, to the original standard of a Painter-Etchers' exhibition, resulted in definite action at the February meeting. The following resolution, aimed at the mass of reproductive work largely contributed by publishers, was unanimously adopted, viz.: 'Resolved that work will be received at the future exhibitions of the New-York Etching Club only from the individual etchers, except at the request of the club.' The club appeals with confidence to the body of American etchers to sustain it in this needed reform. The society desires the fullest offering of original and spirited work, to the end that, while the bulk of exhibits is largely reduced, the interest of the exhibition shall be rather increased than diminished. The catalogue for the club for 1889 will be illustrated with eight original plates, which it is desired shall have no reference, as heretofore, to larger works in the exhibition."

Mr. S. P. Avery, jr., exhibits three paintings by Daubigny, Troyon and Breton, all of earlier dates than the examples usually seen in the galleries. The "Scene Near Villerville," by Daubigny, was painted in 1864. This is not a finished picture, but examples of Daubigny which are complete specimens of his later style often lack the robustness and force of this sketch, without surpassing it in delicacy of observation. This is a study of low gray, brown and yellow fields, with a hill in the right middle distance, the river further removed, and the sky overcast with clouds. The picture seems to have darkened a little, but the relative effects are preserved, and the spirit of the scene is rendered in a manner swift, broad and effective. The Troyon is said to have been painted some time before the artist's death, and to have been kept in his studio, whence it passed to the Troyon sale. This, too, must be classed as an unfinished picture, but the painting of the white and brown cows in the foreground is an excellent illustration of the artist's effective use of two or three simple colors, his warmth of tone, and the variety which he obtained in his management of light and shade. It was in 1870 that Jules Breton painted "The Burning Hayrick," also exhibited in this gallery. This is a large picture of men, women and children tearing out armfuls of hay, pouring on water, or hurrying aimlessly hither and thither. The scene is full of animation, and, although the work is not remarkable for pictorial quality, it is a spirited transcript of actual experience.

The colored supplement of the October "Art Age" is a chromo-lithographic reproduction of an oil painting, "A Milkmaid," by Mr. Chester Loomis. The picture presents a Brittany peasant girl mounted on a donkey, with milk cans in paniers on either side. The figure is seen against a grassy hillside. This should prove a popular supplement. It is announced that the size, 24 by 18 inches, "makes it by far the largest supplement of the kind ever issued with an American periodical." Another publication which comes to us, entitled "Sun and Shade," presents pictures unaccompanied with text, the purpose being an exhibition of the work done by the publishers, the Photogravure Company, of New-York. In addition to some excellent portraits, the November number contains reproductions of a landscape by Mr. W. H. Gibson, pictures by Uhde and Piloty, and of a photograph of the tower of Catherine de Medici at Blois. "The Art Interchange" of November 3 presents as an "extra" colored study a reproduction of a water-color sketch called "On the Shore." "The Art Interchange" notes the engagement of Angeli, the Austrian court painter, to paint four portraits of the young Emperor of Germany. These are intended for the Czar, the Emperor of Austria th[illegible] of Italy and Queen Victoria.

Mr. Hamo Thornycroft's statue of General Gordon is described by "The London Times" as follows: "Gordon, in undress uniform and bareheaded, stands in an attitude of profound meditation. His chin rests upon his right hand; the left hand supports the right arm, and holds the famous Bible; while the almost equally famous short cane, with which he won his battles in China, is thrust under the arm. The left foot is raised, and rests upon a fragment of an old howitzer. The attitude is thus extremely characteristic, and the figure so exhibited is unmistakably the figure of a hero. If it is asked whether it fairly represents Gordon as he was at Khartoum, the answer will probably be that it is too young and too athletic-looking. But this is a fault natural to an artist so enamored of life and perfect form as Mr. Thornycroft is; and no one will seriously object to the sculptor's having somewhat idealized the outward semblance of the hero. Altogether, the statue is a noble addition to the public monuments of London." The statue, which is of bronze, is ten feet high, and statue, pedestal and base altogether are thirty feet in height.

ROMANCE IN THEIR OLD AGE.

From The Lincoln Journal.

Two people were married last evening. One of the parties was a lady, and the other a gentleman. They were not married in Lincoln, but the scene of the event was not very, very far removed. And it is a curious story, and a true one. The bride is tall and stately, but she is no longer in the bloom of youth. Gray hairs float backward from her forehead, and she has seen many and many a winter. The bridegroom is old and bald, and before a great while he will be gathered to his fathers. Years and years ago, before some of us who now wear whiskers were born, these two loved each other in a kingdom down by the sea. And to quote further from Annabel Lee, it might be said that the angels in heaven envied their love. But they had a quarrel. Years ago, when she was a girl and he was in the first flush of manhood, they had a quarrel. And he went away in senseless anger; and she approved his going in senseless anger; and the inexorable years rolled on, as the years inexorably will roll. He came not back again. She married a youth of the nighborhood, and lived a wretched life; he, leagues, leagues away, married a strange woman, and lived a wretched life, and the years rolled inexorably on. And it came to pass in the fulness of time that his wife died, and although his hair was gray and his heart old, he was filled with an ineffable longing to see once more the love of his youth, so he journeyed to her. And it was so that her husband had died and she was a widow, and she too was gray-haired. And then, in the twilight and autumn of their lives, in the graveyard of their hopes, they agreed to marry each other. So they were married. The scene was not in Lincoln, but it was not very, very far away. But their love will last until the shadows thicken and the sun goes down.

ILLEGIBLE SIGNATURES.

From The Lincoln Journal.

If there is one man who deserves to be hanged without benefit of the clergy, it is the one who sends you a letter, requesting a reply, and signs his name with such a combination of insane flourishes that the prince of darkness wouldn't be able to read it. This man will frequently write very plainly from the beginning of a letter to the end, and then, taking it for granted that you are perfectly familiar with his name, get up on the pen and ride it all over the bottom of the page, under the impression that he is appending his signature. A murrain on him and all his scurvy kind.

WILL LORD SACKVILLE ATTEND THE WEDDING?

From The Washington Post.

The announcement that Mr. Joseph Chamberlain is to wed Miss Endicott next Thursday has given society people something interesting to speculate about. It is hardly possible that Lord Sackville will have sailed for England before that date, and, of course, he will be asked to the wedding. What the gossips are now speculating about is whether or not he will accept, and appear as a guest at the house of a member of the Cabinet which dismissed him so unceremoniously, and where the only other guests are to be the President and the other members of the Cabinet and their families. It seems to be generally agreed that his Lordship will not be at the wedding, and that his daughters, who but late were intimate at the Secretary's house, will also be absent.